A Poisoned Arrow

Dipabhasadhamma

An arrow flies, unseen, unheard,
Its path as silent as a word
Unspoken, yet it strikes so deep,
Awakening pain from restless sleep.

We grasp the shaft with trembling hand,
And curse the skies, the earth, the sand.
"Why me?" we cry, and writhe in pain,
The wound grows sharper for our disdain.

But pain, like arrows, cannot last,
Unless we bind it to the past.
The sting, though fierce, will fade away,
If we release its hold today.

Yet here we stand, with hearts impaled,
Our suffering, a ship unsailed.
We twist the arrow, seeking why,
But every turn brings a deeper sigh.

The Buddha speaks of letting go,
To cease the questions we can't know.

“The first wound hurts,” the Teacher said,
“But the second is the one we’ve fed.”

For anguish lives where we ignite
The flames of anger, fear, and fight.
But peace is found when we disarm
The mind’s reflex to sound alarm.

The arrow strikes, yet we endure,
By turning inward, finding cure.
Not in the why, nor in the blame,
But in the stillness, free from shame.

So, leave the arrow where it fell,
Its path has more than pain to tell.
Through mindful breath, the heart can heal,
And show us truths no wound can steal.

An arrow flies, unseen, unbidden,
Its poison buried, yet not hidden.
We clutch the wound, and time suspends,
A thousand questions our mind defends.

"Who sent it here? From where, and why?
What wood was carved? How sharp? How high?"
We linger long on the how and who,
Ignoring what the moment asks us to do.

The wound persists, the pain takes hold,
Its poison spreads, its touch turns cold.
Yet still, we ask, and rage, and fret,
While life's brief spark begins to set.

Buddha speaks, his voice like balm,
“Why waste your breath on questions drawn?

The arrow's truth is not in its lore,
But in the act of healing more."

Remove the shaft, let wisdom rise,
Release the need for countless whys.
For knowing all does not delay,
The certainty of life's decay.

Instead, attend the wound with care,
Find solace in the present air.
Let go the clinging, cease the fight,
And turn your gaze toward what is right.

The poisoned arrow is not the end,
But the means through which we can transcend.
To see beyond, to heal, to grow,
Is all that truly matters to know.